# MOUNTAIN-MUSINGS

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# MOUNTAIN-MUSINGS,

## AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

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LONDON:
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AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

M. Sheelingh
Feb. 15, 1893.

Many of these Poems are newly published. Others are selected from the Author's "SONGS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN."

# PREFATORY SONNET.

A THOUSAND seeds are formed, for one to root;
Of many arrows, few quite reach the mark;
Of many blows, few strike the kindling spark;
And few entrance, who take the minstrel's lute.
Prizes are rare, and many strive in vain;
That many strive, shall critics stern complain,
And bid all bards, uncertified, be mute?
Should I be so much blessed that one brief strain,
To souls devout or weary, solace lend;
Or might be deemed, when thankful voices blend,
Fit vehicle for tuneful prayer or praise;
An altar to "Contented Hope" I'll raise.
The simple daisy in the garden grows
Beneath the stately pine, or fragrant rose.

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# MOUNTAIN-MUSINGS,

## AND OTHER POEMS.

### Music on the Mountains.

THERE is music on the mountains,
  There is music in the rills,
Music in the swaying branches,
  From the cattle on the hills,
Music from the honeyed flowers
  Where the bee its task fulfils.

There is music in the Prophets,
  Solemn, mystic, grand, sublime;
There is music from Apostles,
  Sounding forth in every clime;
Soothing, thrilling, soul-uplifting,
  Through the ages to all time:

Music in the words of Jesus,
Fuller, sweeter, all divine;
In His matchless life and actions,
Life where God and man combine;
In His wondrous cross and passion,
When that life He did resign:

Music in the grave He vanquished,
From the throne to which He rose,
In His tones of intercession,
In the blessings He bestows,
In the ceaseless hallelujah
Which from choirs seraphic flows.

Grant me, Lord, a soul responsive,
Music breathing, aye, to Thee;
Motives, conduct, thought, emotions,
Linked in sweetest melody,
With the voice of grace and nature
Blending in true harmony.

Vibrating with every promise,
Echoing each divine command,
Let my whisper swell the chorus
Of the universal band,
Till I join the choir celestial,
Perfected at Thy right hand.

*Bel Alp, Sunday, Aug.* 28, 1887.

# Alpine Cattle-bells.

How soft the music of the bells,
Borne by the breeze from sheltered dells,
Where herds of mountain-cattle feed,
In friendly groups, on flowery mead.

These bells send forth, not one alone,
But vibrate notes of every tone ;
This chorus of the Alps is sung,
With one accord, by old and young.

Such artless music of the hills
The soul, with a strange rapture, fills ;
So many sounds, so varied, meet
In such sweet harmony complete.

The distant blending with the near,
The tenor, bass, and treble clear,
The bell sonorous slowly swung,
With the small heifer's sharply rung.

Help us, O Lord, to raise to Thee
Music, each one in his degree ;
Despising none because their note
In varying tone may heavenward float.

For though to listeners standing near
Some notes discordant may appear,
Yet unto Him who hears above
All blend in harmony of love.

*Bedminster, Sunday, July* 31, 1887.

---

## Children and Mountains.

THE God who made the mountains
And piled their masses high,
Who fixed their firm foundations
And bade them climb the sky,
Looks down on little children
For whom He gave His Son,
Protects, provides, embraces,
And loves them every one.

Voices of mountains praise Him,
Torrents and tinkling rills;
The thunder of the snow-fall,
The echoes of the hills;
But songs of little children,
Their feeblest praise and prayer,
Are sweeter to the Father
Than all the music there.

A child upon the mountains,
  A speck so small and mean,
To heart of God is greater
  And with more pleasure seen:
He lifts an infant higher
  Than loftiest mountain-peak,
For He came down from heaven
  These little ones to seek.

The highest of the mountains
  Will some day be brought low;
But children of the Father
  To Him in heaven will go:
And then, still rising higher
  In blessedness and love,
On Zion's hill for ever
  Will dwell with God above.

Kaiserswerth, Aug. 30, 1857.

## A Mountain-Prayer.

My Father God, my Saviour, Friend,
  Lift up my heart to Thee:
In love, adoring, trusting, glad
  That Thou art all to me.

Above the tainted mists of earth
Help me by faith to rise
For clearer vision, purer air,
Like mountains to the skies.

Cleanse me from sin, and I shall be
Whiter than fields of snow ;
Endow with strength, and up the steep
Towards Thee each day I'll go.

May living streams from Thee, the Fount,
Refresh me on the way ;
May loving signs and voices warn
Whene'er I go astray.

O let my walk, like flowery hills,
Be fair with fruits of grace ;
And let no cloud of self conceal
The smiling of Thy face.

With songs exulting, by Thy help,
Thy holy hill I'll climb ;
Bearing Thy easy yoke, until
I reach the height sublime.

My Father God, my Saviour, Friend,
Thy Name I glorify !
I'll bless Thee, magnify, adore,
Now and eternally.

*Eggischorn, Aug.* 23, 1887.

# The Lord of the Mountains.

"Thy righteousness is like the great mountains."

LORD of the mountains! Thee I praise
Who didst the ancient hills upraise,
The furrowed cliffs that frown on high,
And granite peaks that pierce the sky.

The glaciers Thy dominion own,
The ice-domes are Thy glittering throne,
The avalanche-thunder is Thy voice,
Thou bid'st the torrents wild rejoice.

Thine are the reservoirs of snow,
Whence never-failing rivers flow
To fertilize, at Thy command,
In summer drought the level land.

Thou dost instruct the hardy pine
Between the rocks his roots to twine;
The forests dark Thy praises show,
Guarding the cultured fields below.

On pasture-slopes of emerald green
Thy cattle feed, the firs between,
The chiming of whose tuneful bells
With worship fills the listening dells.

Thou showest to the eagle where
He may his cloud-veiled nest prepare ;
Thou dost preserve, for chamois fleet,
The tender, snow-nurst moss, to eat.

The whistle of the marmot shrill
Thou hearest from the storm-rent hill,
And the cicala's sunny glee
Was caused, is watched, and loved by Thee.

Under the thick-ribbed glacier's shade
Thou hast enamelled carpets laid ;
And given to the gentian blue
Its smiling, heaven-reflecting hue.

Thou, amidst precipices stern,
Wavest fair fronds of mountain fern ;
And, where the lightning leaves its scar,
Soft *edelweiss* reveals its star.

On rough moraine and dizzy steep,
Thy star-bespangled mosses creep :
These Alpine heights, if stern to view,
With Alpine flowers are lovely too.

So full of wondrous mystery,
Of beauty, strength, sublimity,
In these great mountains, Lord, I trace
Types of Thy righteousness and grace :

Stainless as yonder fields of snow,
Fairer than fairest flowers that grow,
More musical than mountain rills,
More lasting than the ancient hills.

But who *these* heights sublime may scale?
Vision alike and reason fail!
Who can explore *these* gulfs profound?
Who measure *these* vast mountains round?

Though clouds their awful crests conceal,
To faith their lower slopes reveal
The perfect wisdom, goodness, love,
Of Him who reigns supreme above.

God of the Mountains! let me share
Thy righteousness and loving care;
Secure, by Thine almighty word,
Beneath the shadow of the Lord.

Then, when the hills at Thy command
Shall melt away, my soul shall stand;
Because THY RIGHTEOUSNESS, my plea,
Abideth everlastingly.

# Mountain-Dells.

"Many that are first shall be last."

THE soaring summit and each swelling brow
That high above the level landscape rise,
Command a wider view of earth and skies
Than the deep gully, which doth humbly bow
As low beneath their loftiness it lies ;
They oft are gazed at with admiring eyes,
Stand forth as landmarks, earlier catch the light,
Glowing with roseate splendours to the sight.
But while all bleak and bare they brave the blast,
In yonder lowly, unambitious dell
Ferns, shadeful trees, sweet fruits and flowerets dwell,
And streamlets flow to fill the peasant's well.
Let none repine whose lot in vales is cast ;
In Grace, as Nature, oft the first are last.

*On the Rigi.*

# The Mountain-Paths of Life.

Crossing Mont Cenis in Winter, 1870.

ALONG the mountain-paths of life,
Over the pass with perils rife,
Christ is my hope 'mid toil and strife,
And none beside.

When wildest winds of winter blow,
Driving the thickly falling snow;
When gather gloomiest clouds of woe,
With me abide.

When the deep drift conceals the way,
And death attends each step astray,
O Jesu! hear me when I pray;
Be Thou my Guide.

When treacherous ice o'erlays the ground,
When hangs the path o'er gulfs profound,
Cast Thy protecting arms around;
Let me not slide.

The threatening avalanche hold back,
Through the thick fog reveal the track,
Smile Thou amid the tempest-wrack,
Keep at my side.

When fails my heart with grief and fear,
Be Thou my Refuge, very near ;
Let me Thy voice of welcome hear,
And in Thee hide.

When bitter blasts the blood congeal,
When lost is e'en the power to feel,
In death's dark hour Thy love reveal ;
Thou—Thou hast died.

The mountain crossed, in restful bowers
Smiling with fairest fruit and flowers,
I'll praise, with never-wearied powers,
My Saviour-Guide.

---

## Mountain-Emblems.

AMID Thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Help me Thyself to see ;
Let mountain, glacier, torrent, flower,
Lift up my heart to Thee.

The Framer of those icy domes,
Who poured those torrents wild,
Is my unchanging, tender Friend,
And calls me His dear child.

I love to see my Father's power,
My Father's skill to trace;
I love, 'mid rocks and fields, to know
The smiling of His face.

Enable me from all I view
Some holy truth to learn;
Of duty or of privilege
Some emblem to discern.

As those great mountains pierce the sky,
So may my spirit soar
Above the mists of doubt and sin,
And in Thy light adore.

The rills that kindly quench my thirst,
So frequent, pure, and free,
Of living waters softly sing,
And bid me drink of Thee.

And like those flowers, of form so fair,
Of bright and lovely hue,
Clothed by Thy grace with holiness,
I would be lovely too.

Thus teach me both Thy books to know,
Thy works and wondrous love,
That all I view on earth below
May point to heaven above.

*Pontresina*, 1879.

# The Strength of the Hills.

THE strength of the hills is Thine!
Thine their foundations deep;
In the glory of God their buttresses shine,
Thou buildest their bulwarks steep:
The strength of the hills is Thine!
Almighty Thy children to save;
The strength of my God, my Father, is *mine;*
Though weak, I may well be brave.

The strength of the hills is fair;
Green valleys the cliffs enclose,
In the rifts of the rocks are flowers most rare,
On the steepest some lichen grows:
So, Mercy's the vestment of Might,
And Majesty mingles with Love;
The mountains so strong, yet so fair to the sight,
Are a type of our Saviour above.

How strong, yet how gentle was He—
The God, yet the Brother dear!
He who raised up the dead and rebuked the wild sea,
Shed sympathy's holy tear.
Rock of Ages! Thy goodness be ours;
Like the hills be our righteousness strong;
But strength clothed with beauty, the rock bearing flowers,
The mountain all vocal with song.

*Sunday at Gavarnie, Pyrenees,* 1871.

# Alone on the Mountains.

THIS temple, Lord, is all Thine own,
Made by Thy hands, and Thine alone ;
Man has not moulded aught that lies
Before these glad, enchanted eyes.

I stand here as on holy ground,
Where Thou, O Lord, revealed art found ;
My soul uplifted, seems to be
On wings unfolded borne to Thee.

I rise, I mount, I know that Thou
Art raising me to meet Thee now ;
Here Thou art near me—I adore—
Yet bow before Thee as I soar.

O God, I feel Thee here around,
Within, without, in every sound ;
These heights are angel-steps for me,
That I may higher climb to Thee.

Let me but touch Thee ere the cloud
Shall close again and all enshroud ;
O may this holy rapture last,
Without a shade by sin o'ercast.

Yes! heaven is closer here to earth,
Its brightness fills my heart with mirth;
A joy that springs from meeting Thee,
A glimpse as of eternity.

It is not often, Lord, that I
Can thus feel mounting to the sky;
My soul but seldom breathes such air
As now is circling everywhere.

Yet must I to the earth descend,
Seeking more earnestly to blend
Devotion's rare uplifting power,
With every weak and shaded hour.

Teach me, O Lord, that evermore
The glory which I thus adore,
Reflected must be on the plain
By those who pray to mount again.

[H. M. M. H.]

# At Gudvangen.

"That ye may be filled with all the fulness of God."

In winding gorges of Norwegian hills
Flows the full Fjord, wedding sea and land,
And linking each small creek with ocean grand.
Watching the tide each rocky glen that fills,
The mountains opening, reverently stand,
And offerings give with no reluctant hand ;—
Mosses, and ferns, and flowers of every hue,
All that they can, to greet the dark-blue wave,
That loves those crags and verdant nooks to lave :
From beetling cliffs that pierce the curtain blue
The foaming torrent leaps, and seems to say,—
" It is thine own, O sea ! we give this day."
Thus, Ocean infinite of Love Divine,
Enter and permeate this soul of mine.

# Moonlight at Lugano.

"There was a great calm."

THE Moon is mirrored in the Lake
Which loves in her soft light to shine :
And all my soul I open wide
To bask in Thine.

The Mountains view their lovely forms
Reflected in the tranquil Mere :
So dwells in depths which Thou hast calmed,
Thine image dear.

No vapour dims the heavens above,
No cloud o'ershades the lovely scene :
Lord ! let no doubt, no moment's mist
E'er intervene.

No voice disturbs the perfect peace,
No whisper breathes on lake or hill :
So, in Thy calm, the Babel-world
Is hushed and still.

O blissful calm ! O Paradise !
Thy gift, O God, this radiant night :
And Thou hast turned my grief to joy,
My dark to light.

# At Ullswater.

"Whatsoever things are lovely."

How deep, how pure, how tranquil is the lake!
Lowly beneath the great hills it doth lie,
Yet looketh day and night unto the sky,
Whose tints and glorious radiance it doth take.
The sun and stars a matchless mirror make
Of its calm bosom, bending from on high;
Yet none the less, earth's objects that are nigh
Are seen reflected there—the ferny brake,
The bending birch-tree and the steadfast pine,
The daisied meadows where the cattle feed,
The tiny pebbles on the beach that shine,
Each tuft of moss and every trembling reed.
Lord! to my soul be such pure calmness given,
Reflecting all things fair in earth and heaven.

# St. Martha's Hill, Surrey.

"Here we have no continuing city."

BELOVED Saint Martha's! From thy heathery brow
Oft have I watched the sunset-glory fade
From vale, hill, cornfield, forest, verdant glade;
And oft, at morn, with swelling heart, as now,
Thy boundless panorama have surveyed.
By tracks of friends in sunshine and in shade,
By tears shed on thy breast, endeared art thou;
Of prayer, praise, conflict, love, oft witness made.
Dear Hill, adieu! we also now must part;
Life is from infancy one long farewell;
Never doth pause the sad, sad parting bell,
For loves and joys that fastened round the heart;
Not till on Zion's holy mount we dwell
Shall cease the daily dirge, and funeral knell.

# Bethlehem.

Not in halls of regal splendour,
Not to princes of the earth,
Did the herald angels render
Tidings of their Monarch's birth ;
Not to statesman, priest, or sage,
They proclaimed the golden age :
'Twas the poor man's heritage—
For on shepherds lowly
Burst the anthem holy—
*In excelsis gloria,*
*Et in terra pax !*

Not by worldly wealth or wisdom,
Not by power of law, or sword ;
But by service to win freedom,
And by sorrow bliss afford :
Born to poverty and pain,
Born to die and thus to reign,
Rescuing man from Satan's chain—
Jesus now rules o'er us :
Swell the joyful chorus—
*In excelsis gloria,*
*Et in terra pax !*

Glory be to God in heaven,
Peace on earth, good will to men!
In the highest, praise be given!
Angels! strike your harps again.
Justice has on Mercy smiled,
God and men are reconciled
Through Emmanuel, new-born child.
Blend we then our voices!
Earth with heaven rejoices—
*In excelsis gloria,*
*Et in terra pax!*

Bid the new-born Monarch welcome,
Pay Him homage every heart!
Hallelujah! let His kingdom
Swiftly spread in every part:
War and bloodshed then shall cease,
Selfishness its slaves release,
Love shall reign, and white-robed peace;
Then, from earth as heaven,
Praise shall aye be given—
*In excelsis gloria,*
*Et in terra pax!*

# The Crest of Olivet.

THE crest of Olivet concealed
A favoured little town from view,
Where bloomed bright flowers of the field,
And olive-groves and palm-trees grew ;
There Lazarus, Mary, Martha made
A home where Jesus often stayed :
O that the Lord would dwell with me,
As with His friends at Bethany !

The door they loved to open wide,
His first approach with joy to greet,
Their choicest offerings to provide,
Or sit and listen at His feet :
Like them I fain would always feel,
And learn by love, and serve with zeal :
Thus, help me, Lord, to welcome Thee,
As did Thy friends at Bethany !

The Son of God, adored above,
Yearning, as man, for friendship here,
Did Mary, Martha, Lazarus love ;
And still His human friends are dear :
Their smile is pleasing in His sight,
Their heart's response yields Him delight :
O may I thus give joy to Thee,
As did Thy friends at Bethany.

With more than brother's tender heart
He sympathized in all their grief;
Of every sorrow bore a part,
In every trouble brought relief;
With them He viewed where Lazarus slept,
And, with the weepers, Jesus wept:
Dear Friend of mourners! comfort me,
As Thou didst them at Bethany.

Make me to know Thy wondrous name,
"THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE;"
In change, decay, and death the same;
My Victor-Champion in the strife:
To me Thy gracious word apply—
"He that believes shall never die;"
And let Thy love be life to me,
As to Thy friends at Bethany.

---

## Calvary.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

REDEEMED from death, with joy we'll sing
The triumphs of our suffering King;
His wounded hands—His bleeding side—
The wondrous cross on which He died.

Those wounds are fountains, whence do flow
Rivers of balm for human woe ;
That blood can make the vilest pure,
That blood alone can cleanse and cure.

Those hands, extended on the tree,
Hold out a pardon full and free ;
And, stained with sacrificial blood,
Obtain and publish peace with God.

The spear's deep gash that gapes so wide,
Invites the fugitive to hide
In God incarnate—there alone
Sure refuge from our fear is known.

The crown of thorns proclaims a King
Victorious by suffering ;
Henceforth shall grief to Christians be
Arrayed with regal dignity.

The cross becomes a conqueror's car,
Returning from successful war,
Where Christ, all red with battle-stains,
Drags Sin and Death in captive chains.

That dying groan, that last loud cry,
Are the glad shout of Victory ;
The bruisèd heel grinds Satan's head,
And life is won by Jesus dead.

Then let us, glad and grateful, sing
The triumphs of our suffering King ;
Count all things else as empty dross,
And glory only in the Cross.

---

## Angel-voices on Olivet.

"Two men stood by them in white apparel; who also said—This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

JESUS, our risen, glorious Lord,
Ascended to Thy throne,
By saints and seraphim adored,
Monarch supreme, alone!
We laud Thy greatness, we adore,
But most we bless Thy *Name;*
For Thou art what Thou wast before,
Our JESUS—still the same :

The same Who to the leper said,
And touched him—*Be thou clean;*
The same Whose kind hand gently led
The blind man, poor and mean ;
The lonely widow's bleeding heart
His heart of pity knew ;
He touched the bier, bade death depart,
And her son lived anew :

The same Who did the children call
To nestle in His breast ;
And bade the heavy laden, all,
Come unto Him for rest :
His title was the Sinner's Friend ;
To save the lost He came ;
His love will never never end,
JESUS is still the same :

The same Who sorrowed at the grave
Where His friend Lazarus slept ;
And godlike consolation gave,
While human tears He wept ;
And still He joins the funeral train,
And weeps with those that weep ;
And whispers, "*He shall rise again*"—
For death is only sleep.

He shared our human misery,
Hunger He knew, and thirst ;
He groaned in dark Gethsemane,
His heart with sorrow burst ;
Our inward conflicts, yearnings, woes,
The frailty of our frame,
Our Brother felt, and still He knows,
And still remains the same :

The same Who bowed His head to die,
And stained the bitter cross
With streams of human agony
To compensate our loss;
Who for His murderers did pray,
Nor uttered word of blame;
JESUS! our Advocate this day,
Unchangeably the same.

In human form heaven worships Thee;
Still, God our nature shows;
Our Brother not ashamed to be,
Mindful of human woes;
As man He mounted to the sky,
E'en as a man He came;
And soon again shall every eye
Behold Him, still the same.

Thy sympathy, unchanging Friend,
Is strength, and joy, and rest;
Thy love, till life's long toil shall end,
Makes e'en our sorrows blest;
And when at last shall melt away
Creation's mighty frame,
We'll praise, through heaven's eternal day,
Our JESUS—still the same.

*Sunday Morning on the Mount of Olives*, 1870.

# Mars' Hill.

"And they took him, and brought him unto Areopagus."

ATHENS! how grandly beautiful art thou!
Thy dignity, in death, retaining long,
In spite of centuries of cruel wrong;
In spite of earthquake, lightning, war, e'en now
Riseth sublime thy queenly, peerless brow.
What names and memories to thee belong!
Poets, and statesmen; fields, renowned in song,
Where Athens guarded Greece from tyrant's thrall:
Demosthenes; eventful Marathon;
Plato and Socrates; great Salamis;
Still awes the soul thy pillared Parthenon,
Thy glittering, temple-crowned Acropolis:
But of thy glories this surpasseth all—
Rough, naked Areopagus, and—PAUL!

*Athens, Easter*, 1870.

# The Unknown God.

IN MEMORY OF A SERMON ON MARS' HILL,
GOOD FRIDAY, 1870.

"I found an altar with this inscription, To the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

THOU *unknown God!* unknown, though near,
So near, that everyone in Thee
Doth live and move—at length appear,
Nor let us still in darkness be.
Open the eyes that sin hath closed,
Unstop the ear so heedless grown,
Renew the will to Heaven opposed,
And be no more a *God unknown.*

Help me to see, in Jesu's face,
The glory of the Father shine;
Make me to feel Thy saving grace,
And humbly, surely, call Thee mine;
Within the veil Thy name impart,
Unto Thy children breathed alone;
Thy covenant write upon my heart,
And God, as Love, henceforth be known.

More than the outward ear has heard,
More than mere intellect can see,
The hidden treasures of Thy word
Show, by the Holy Ghost, to me:

Bear inward witness to the soul
That Thou art mine, and I Thine own ;
The length, the breadth, the wondrous whole—
Reveal to me Thy love unknown.

Bestow the joy unspeakable,
The peace of God, surpassing thought ;
Converse with heaven which none can tell,
Oneness with Thee by Jesus wrought ;
And soon may I Thy glory see,
And bend before the sapphire-throne ;
Thus now, and in eternity,
Be Thou my God, my Father known.

---

## Sunday on Lebanon.

"I pray Thee let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."

WEARY with wandering o'er the sand,
Pining to reach the promised land,
My longed-for home at length so near,
This prayer, my Guide, my Father, hear.

Soon let me cross the stream and see
The land beyond that beckons me
So fair above comparison,
"That goodly mountain Lebanon."

I long to tread its fragrant fields,
To taste the ambrosial fruit it yields,
To rest beneath the tree of life,
From guilt and grief, from toil and strife.

I long to meet, to embrace once more,
Dear fellow-travellers gone before ;
With them rehearse our pilgrim ways,
And join again in Jesu's praise.

O that the goal were fully won,
That goodly, glorious Lebanon ;
Whose beauties never shall decay,
Whose treasures none can take away.

No lion fierce, no ravening bear,
No wily serpent harbours there ;
No murderous thief in ambush lies,
The incautious traveller to surprise.

No fierce sirocco's burning breath
Shall bring decay, disease, and death ;
No summer-droughts the fountains dry,
The streams flow everlastingly.

No locust-cloud shall dim the air,
Leaving the hopeful branches bare ;
No wintry frosts shall nip the bloom,
No blazing heat the fruits consume.

Those stately cedars ne'er shall feel
The stroke of wasteful woodman's steel;
Those peaceful pastures ne'er shall dread
The thunder of the foeman's tread.

Those heavenly heights I long to climb,
To reach those glittering peaks sublime,
Still up those shining slopes to press,
The mountain of God's holiness.

There "Carmel's excellency" blends
With all the charms that "Sharon" lends
O for that never-setting Sun—
The "Glory of" that "Lebanon!"

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## Who makes the Daisies?

A CHILD'S HYMN.

I KNOW Who makes the daisies,
And paints them starry bright;
I know Who clothes the lilies,
So sweet, and soft, and white:
And surely needful raiment
He will for me provide,
Who know Him as my Jesus,
And in His love confide.

I know Who feeds the sparrow,
And robin, red and gay;
I know Who makes the skylark
Soar up to greet the day:
And me much more He cares for,
And feeds with daily bread,
Whom He has taught to love Him,
And trust what He has said.

The daisy and the lily
Obey Him all they can;
The robin and the skylark
Fulfil His perfect plan:
And I, to whom are given
A heart, and mind, and will,
Must try to serve Him better,
And all His laws fulfil.

The daisies, they must perish,
The lark and robin die;
But I shall live for ever,
Above the bright blue sky:
Dear Jesus, Thou wilt help me
To love Thee more and more,
Until in heaven I see Thee,
Am like Thee, and adore.

# The Primrose.

UNDER ST. MARTHA'S HILL, SURREY.

I LOVE the early primrose
That lightens up the lane,
So radiant in the sunshine,
So cheerful after rain ;
Good-bye to dreary winter
How gladly doth it sing,
And tells of milder weather,
And hopeful, happy spring.

I wish that like the primrose
My life were always bright,
And shone in darkest pathways
With mild and constant light ;
I wish that I reflected
Each sun-ray from above,
I wish that 'neath the storm-cloud
I always smiled with love.

I wish that in the valley
As on the swelling hill,
Seen, or unseen, with beauty
I did my task fulfil ;

In life's secluded copses
As in the garden gay,
Beside the forest foot-track
As by the broad high-way.

I would be ever showing
That winter's reign is o'er;
A happy pledge and promise
Of joys for evermore;
I would be like the primrose,
And sing in sun or shade,
Of spring the everlasting,
Of flowers that never fade.

---

## A Holiday Psalm.

PRAISE God! Creator, Saviour, Lord,
Upholding all things by His word;
Now let our hearts unite to raise,
With all His works, a song of praise.

Praise God! Who spread the azure sky,
And reared the swelling hills on high;
Who taught the rivers where to flow,
And the great sea his bounds to know.

Praise God! Whose pencil paints each flower,
Whose breath perfumes each fragrant bower,
Who decks the lily and the rose,
And nurtures every plant that grows.

Praise God! Whose varied voice is heard
In murmuring rill, and song of bird;
In ocean's roar, and summer breeze,
And soothing music of the trees.

Praise God! Whose gifts the fields adorn,
Who clothes the vales with golden corn,
Who feeds the flocks on flowery hills,
And all His works with bounty fills.

Praise God! for health, and friends, and home;
For joy and safety when we roam;
For eyes to see, and hearts to feel
The love our Father's works reveal.

Praise God! Who makes this world so fair
That oft we fain would linger there;
Praise God! Who hath salvation given,
And brighter homes, through Christ, in Heaven.

# A Child's Prayer.

I WILL not ask Thee, Jesus, Lord,
To look with love on me,
For Thou hast taught me in Thy word
The love that dwells in Thee.

The feeblest lamb in all the fold
Is to the Shepherd dear;
And every little child is told
Never to doubt or fear.

For me Thou didst come down from heaven,
For me Thy blood was spilt;
For me Thy life was freely given,
To save from grief and guilt.

I need not ask for love from Thee,
But grace for Thee to yearn;
With grateful gladness welcome Thee,
And Thy dear love return.

O may I ever hear Thy voice,
And follow day by day;
And in Thy holy will rejoice:
Jesus! for *this* I pray.

*Sunday at Grindelwald, August 14th*, 1887.

# The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father Who in heaven dost dwell,
In love directing all things well,
Hallowed for ever be Thy Name,
Let earth and heaven Thy praise proclaim.

Soon may Thy glorious kingdom come,
In homage not one voice be dumb,
Thy loving will obeyed on earth
E'en as by those of heavenly birth.

Our needful bread give day by day,
Take all our trespasses away,
And as for pardon we entreat,
So let us show forgiveness meet.

Preserve us in temptation's hour,
Thy children save from Satan's power ;
For Thine the rule, strength, glory be,
Both now and through eternity.

*Grindelwald, August 14th*, 1887.

# Going Down the Hill.

THOU Guide of manhood's vigorous pace,
Direct and guard me still,
As in youth's ardent, upward race,
While going *down* the hill.

For help in every step I call
To do Thy holy will;
O suffer not my foot to fall
While going down the hill.

Let nothing dim the morning's light
Nor youthful ardour chill;
But may the evening glow more bright,
While going down the hill.

The path descends that it may climb
Far higher than before,
Until I reach those realms sublime,
And at Thy throne adore.

The downward to the upward leads,
Night harbingers the day;
The path of true life ne'er recedes,
But tends to God alway.

Thus, though descending, I rejoice
Love's purpose to fulfil,
And sing to God with cheerful voice,
While going down the hill.

*Descending the Bel Alp, August 29th*, 1887.

# Hampstead Heath.

RURAL CHARMS.

So near the town, what rural charms combine!
The breezy knoll, the ferny brake, and dells
With wood-anemones, and pale blue-bells,
Broom, heather, golden gorse, and eglantine:
Copses where trailing brambles intertwine,
Where birds, bees, butterflies make holiday;
And sunny lawns, where gleesome children play;
And pools that 'mid the verdure radiant shine.
What gorgeous sunsets doth thy brow behold,
Flooding the scene with opalescent gold!
Yonder the silent landscape melts in blue;
I turn—the millioned city meets my view;
I pray—uplifted on this central down—
*Thou Who didst make the Country, guard the Town.*

# Hampstead Heath.

## THE TEEMING CITY.

WHAT memories waken at the varied view!
Harrow, with Byron's boyhood; Windsor's towers;
At yonder oriel Chatham did renew
The strength of brain o'ertaxed; those distant bowers
The toils humane of Wilberforce well knew.
On this high ridge reposed in leisure hours
Mansfield and Erskine after judgments true:
Keats warbled, Dickens wandered 'mongst the flowers.
Soars yonder dome o'er thousand spires that claim
The teeming city for the Saviour's name:
That solemn roar commingles at all times
Groans, laughter, hatred, love, toils, virtues, crimes.
Remember, Lord, Thy praying children there;
And for the righteous' sake, the sinful spare.

# Bolton Abbey.

PREFACE TO "BOLTON ABBEY HYMNS."

ENTRANCED with varied loveliness, I gaze
On Bolton's hallowed fane. Its hoary walls,
More eloquent, in ruin, than the halls
Of princely pomp, their solemn features raise
'Mid thick embowering elms. Meek cattle graze
The peaceful pastures circling it around ;
Old Wharfe flows sparkling by with pensive sound,
And heathery hills look down through purple haze.
All lend their aid to prompt these humble lays ;
Some kind and soothing influence all have given—
The mouldering Abbey, and the moss-grown grave,
The breezy moorland, and the rock-nurst wave,
Cliff, meadow, forest—all direct to Heaven,
All blend their voices in one psalm of praise.

# At Bolton Abbey.

LIKE some fair temple overthrown,
With broken arch and crumbling stone,
The soul, though reared by hands divine,
In ruin lies, a shattered shrine.

These walls now roofless, rent and bare,
Once echoed to the chanted prayer ;
And joyful strains of holy song
Sublimely rolled these aisles along.

But sin the sacred flame has quenched,
And from its base the altar wrenched ;
While reptiles foul and birds unclean
In that once holy place are seen.

Yet, though polluted and defaced,
Its pristine form may now be traced ;
And, on its sculptured fragments, still
The Builder's name is legible.

Restore Thy ruined temple, Lord !
O speak the soul-transforming word ;
Thy cleansing blood can expiate,
Thy Holy Spirit new create.

Remove the deep and deadly stain
Of orgies dark, and rites profane;
Bid lust, pride, selfishness depart,
Drive every idol from my heart.

Let sacrilegious foot no more
Presume to tread that temple-floor;
Henceforth be no pollution found
To desecrate this holy ground.

Rebuild the altar, kindle there
The incense of habitual prayer;
And let the sacrifice of love
Accepted rise, through Christ above.

Let patient efforts to fulfil
Thy holy, wise, and gracious will,
A constant psalm of praise uplift,
More prized by Thee than pompous gift.

Let tower and pinnacle arise,
From earth up-soaring to the skies;
And every thought and purpose be
An aspiration unto Thee.

Thus, Lord! my ruined soul restore,
To be Thy home for evermore;
A glorious, consecrated shrine,
Eternally, completely Thine!

# To My Mother.

PREFIXED TO "BOLTON ABBEY HYMNS."

MOTHER! to thee, of right, this book belongs;
For, seated on thy knee, an infant weak,
With lisping tongue, I learned from thee to speak
"In psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs."
Oft didst thou stroke my head, and kiss my cheek,
And weep for joy to hear thy child repeat
How the Good Shepherd came from heaven, to seek
His wandering lambs,—and how His hands and feet
Were pierced with nails—while He, the sufferer meek,
Prayed for His foes, then mounted to His throne.
With themes like these my years have still upgrown,
Through thy persuasive teaching, tender care,
Thine, and a loving father's life of prayer:
The book I offer thee is thus thine own.

# A Little Child's Morning Hymn.

DAY again is dawning, Darkness flies away ;
Now from sleep awaking, Let me rise and pray.
Jesu ! tender Shepherd, Watching while I slept,
Bless the little lambkin, Thou hast safely kept.

Help me, Lord, to praise Thee, For my cosy bed ;
For my clothes and playthings, For my daily bread ;
For my darling mother, For my father dear ;
For the friends who love me, Far away and near.

Robin blithe is chirping, Glad the night is o'er ;
Larks the light are greeting, Singing as they soar :
I'm Thy little birdie ; May I ever sing,
Goodness making music, Unto Christ my King.

Daisies now are turning Bright eyes to the sun ;
And the light is shining On them every one :
I'm Thy little flower, Jesus ! shine on me—
Turning, all my lifetime, Grateful eyes to Thee.

God the Father loves me, Jesus died for me ;
And the Holy Spirit Guides and comforts me.
Glory to the Father ! Glory to the Son !
Glory to the Spirit ! Blessèd Three in One.

## In Kensal Green Cemetery.

How blest are they who peaceful sleep,
The long and sad life-struggle o'er;
Who neither toil, nor fight, nor weep;
Who fear, and faint, and fall no more.

From darkness, doubt, and care released;
From sin and all temptation free;
On fruits of Paradise they feast,
And Jesus in His glory see.

Why should I cling to life on earth,
With blighted hopes and yearnings vain,
Where mourning swiftly follows mirth,
And pleasures all are mixed with pain?

O for the home of joy above!
Its sacred calm, its holy rest;
Where souls are linked in perfect love,
And with their Lord are ever blest.

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## "We all do fade as a leaf."

Our life, how frail it is! Changeful and brief.
Spring, summer, fly—then we Fade as a leaf.

Why should a thought like this Minister grief,
If we our end fulfil, E'en as a leaf?

Then, brightening at the close, Hoping relief
From sorrow, sin, and care, Fade as a leaf.

Brief winter; fadeless spring; Blissful belief!
This is our *joy*, that we Fade as a leaf.

Of all our aims in life This then be chief—
Ripe, hopeful, bright, that we Fade as a leaf.

---

## Man Vital, more than Mortal.

LIFE is wasted if we spend it
Idly dreaming how to die;
Study how to *use*, not *end* it;
Work to finish, not to fly.

Godly living—best preparing
For a life with God above:
Work! and banish anxious caring;
Death ne'er comes to active love.

Death is but an opening portal
Out of life to life on high:
Man is vital, more than mortal,
Meant to live, not doomed to die.

Praise for present mercies giving,
With good works your age endow;
Death defy by Christlike living,
Heaven attain by service now.

# A Boy's Hymn.

A RESPONSE TO "I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

I WANT to live and be a man,
Both good and useful all I can,
To speak the truth, be just and brave,
My fellow-men to help and save.

I want to live that I may show
My love to Jesus here below;
In human toil to take my share,
And thus for angels' work prepare.

I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see His face,
And follow Him in earthly strife
Before I share His heavenly life.

Lord! grant me this—To live and serve,
And never from Thy laws to swerve;
Then, after years of service free,
In ripe old age to go to Thee.

But should it be Thy loving will
To call me early, Lord fulfil
In fewer years Thy work of grace,
Each day prepared to see Thy face.

# Heavenly Treasure.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."

WHY should we choose our treasure here below
Where moth and rust corrupt? Why fix our heart
Where closest ties are quickly torn apart?
Why, on an ocean where such tempests blow,
Embark so rich a freight? Why, 'mid the snow
Of so unkind a winter plant a flower
So fragrant, yet so frail? Why build Hope's tower
Where lightnings flash, and whelming torrents flow?
But if our highest energies are bent
In God and Heaven a portion to secure,
Whate'er betide, our heritage is sure;
When the destroying angels forth are sent,
When melts away the starry firmament,
Our bliss unharmed, shall, e'en as God, endure.

# In Highgate Cemetery.

"Death is swallowed up in victory."

ARE death's dark emblems suited for the grave
Of those who dwell in heaven's unclouded light?
For souls arrayed in robes of dazzling white
Shall blackest palls, and plumes funereal wave?
Shall lilies drooping with untimely blight,
Torches reversed, whose flame is quenched in night,
And columns shattered, our compassion crave
For those whom Christ, by death, did fully save—
Who now, made perfect, serve, and in His sight
Drink of the fountain of supreme delight?
Rear high the shaft! "NEW LIFE" thereon engrave!
Turn up the torch! it never burnt so bright;
A richer beauty to the lily give!
The Christian dies that he may fully live.

# After seeing Titian's "Assumption" in Venice.

WEEP not for me—Rejoice !
I hear my Saviour's voice ;
He calls me from on high.
See ! through the opening sky,
Troops of bright angels making music sweet,
And pouring down my uncaged soul to greet :
Weep not for me !

These sorrow-streaming faces,
These agonised embraces,
Are all unfit for such an hour as this :
Rejoice ! it is my entrance into bliss.
Grudge not my deathless gain—
Freedom from sin and pain—
Unloose your hands of love !

They draw me from above !
What beauteous forms appear !
What rapturous notes I hear !
No tongue the glory e'er can tell !
Dear friends, whom ne'er I loved so well,
For a brief hour we sever—
Soon to embrace for ever—
But now, I would no longer stay :
See ! See ! They beckon me away !
Farewell !—with Christ to dwell !—Farewell !

# Heaven Indeed.

"His servants shall serve Him."

His servants serve Him. Happy, happy they!
The perfect service of a perfect Lord
With duty and desire in full accord
Is Heaven indeed; 'tis rapture to obey
When love constrains, unweariedly, alway.
Alas! in seeming service, often now,
To some veiled form of self we basely bow;
Some worldly motive dims the heavenly ray,
And thus the prize of service true we miss:
'Tis perfect sunshine that makes perfect day.
In Heaven, the radiant, all-inclusive bliss,
The brightest glory of their crown is this—
They from their Lord's commandments never swerve;
Him with exulting joy "His servants serve."

# To Live for Christ is Glory.

We will not pine for death and rest,
Too soon from service breaking ;
Fruit plucked unripe can ne'er be blest,
Our task beneath forsaking :
Not till the course is run,
Our Leader says, "Well done!"
Not till the conflict's borne,
The chaplet can be worn ;
The Cross, the Crown is making.

Our life on earth has tender ties
We should not wish to sever :
Rich works of faith, sweet charities,
Which soon must cease for ever :
To watch, and weep, and wait,
By love to conquer hate,
The flesh in curb to keep,
To rescue wandering sheep—
How noble such endeavour!

'Tis gain if Jesus bids us die,
When young, mature, or hoary ;
'Tis loss to wish the fight to fly,
Foreclosing life's bright story :
To battle for His laws,
To suffer for His cause,
To share His grief and shame,
To vindicate His name—
To *live* for Christ is glory.

# The Sower.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

WEEPING goes forth the sower on his way ;
Weeping—although he beareth precious seed ;
Weeping—because he knows his utter need ;
Weeping through many a dark and stormy day.
He weeps for goodly grain cast quite away ;
For barren footpath and delusive soil
Where rocks, scarce hidden, all his labour foil ;
For early bloom of hopes that will not stay ;
For thriving plants choked up by many a weed ;
Yet ceases not to sow, and watch, and pray.
The Saviour, as *He* sowed, did weep and bleed,
But now rejoices with the fruit alway :
So, like the Master, he who sows and grieves,
Shall doubtless come again with joyful sheaves.

# Spring-tide Hymn for Children.

BIRDS are singing, flowers are flinging
Fragrance on the grateful fields ;
Godly living I'd be giving
Jesus ! all my spring-tide yields.

Breezes blowing, blossoms growing,
Music mingling in the air ;
Blessing, praying, child's love paying,
I'd make music everywhere.

Larks are soaring, rapture pouring
As they twinkle in the sky ;
So upspringing, I'd be singing
To my Jesus, throned on high.

Lambs are leaping, mothers keeping
Happy watch beside their young ;
All creation blends ovation ;
Praise by children too be sung.

# Harvest Hymn.

THEY shout for joy, they also sing ;
The valleys, clothed with corn,
Extol Creation's bounteous King,
Whose fruits the fields adorn.

They sing the Power that works each year,
The miracle of bread :
From seeds so few vast crops appear,
And multitudes are fed.

Of Faithfulness they sing aloud,
That ever doth endure ;
The promise radiant in the cloud,
Seed-time and harvest sure.

They sing the Goodness of the Lord,
Who feeds both man and beast ;
Sustaining all things by His word,
Nor overlooks the least.

Lord of the harvest ! I would bring
My grateful sheaves to Thee ;
I'll shout for joy, I'll also sing
Thy faithful love to me.

Ripen the grain, Thy work complete,
Thy harvest-home prepare ;
Make me for Thine own garner meet,
Store me for ever there.

# Patient Waiting.

"Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him."

THE snows of winter nurse the hopeful corn ;
Long patient months produce the harvest fair ;
The darkling clouds the sunset's throne prepare ;
'Mid glacier crags are noblest rivers born ;
The tempest's tracks the mountain-face adorn ;
In deepest mines are treasured gems most rare ;
The port seems calmer reached through storms of [care.
The night of weeping ends in joyful morn ;
Events are not as first they meet the sight ;
The sons of God by passing griefs are blest ;
Amid the dark He ever leads to light ;
His purposes and plans are always right.
Commit thy way to Him—His way is best ;
O wait for Him, wait patiently, and rest.

# A Portrait.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

INSTINCT with goodness ; sensible, refined,
Both grave and gay, wise, witty ; native grace
More natural by noblest culture made ;
A charm surpassing beauty in a face
The earthly mirror of a heavenly mind,
Perennial charm, in autumn ne'er to fade ;
Fair landscape varied, sunshine, pensive shade ;
With nooks where friends sweet hidden flowers
may find ;
A steadfast, tender, sympathising heart ;
Crowning man's strength with beauty, counterpart :
An angel forming but a woman still,
Happy all woman's holy place to fill :
Far wealthier than by widest empire's throne,
The man who calls such treasure all his own.

## The Sky-lark.

FOR CHILDREN.

I LOVE to see the sky-lark
Soar up to greet the day ;
I love to hear the rapture
That swells its sunny lay.

Straight from its earthly dwelling,
As to its home on high,
Exulting in the sunshine
It mounteth to the sky :

And then again with singing
To nest and brood descends,
In lowly toils delighting,
And heaven with home-life blends.

Help me from plain or valley
To rise, my God, to Thee :
To duty still returning
With glad humility.

## The Sea.

FOR CHILDREN.

THE God who made the mighty sea
So wide and deep,
Doth watch a little child like me,
And kindly keep.

Though I'm but as one tiny wave
Or grain of sand;
He sent His Son my soul to save;
He holds my hand.

The waters wild his laws obey;
And shall not I
Keep bounds of love no less than they,
With God so nigh?

O may my love, a living rill
Flow into Thee—
(And age my childhood's prayer fulfil,)
Love's boundless Sea!

---

## Echo.

SAY, Echo! where is joy with no sad leaven?
*Heaven!*
Heavy the griefs that work out such delight.
*Light!*
Too great the cost, the flesh to crucify.
*Fie!*
Satan hath Destiny for strong ally.
*A lie!*

They say sin's sweet and safe—and I believe it.
*Leave it.*
I cannot, will not leave the soil I grew in.
*Ruin!*
Honour and ease I'll not exchange for shame.
*For shame!*
After such toil must I lose all again?
*A gain!*
I think I'm good enough, in word, in deed.
*Indeed?*
You doubt it, Echo! wisdom much you need.
*You need!*
Say! must I first all doctrine rightly know?
*No!*
How keep myself from falling Satan's prey?
*Pray!*
And will God hear me if to Him I cry?
*Aye!*
And will He help if I to Him complain?
*Plain!*
Shall I succeed if I by prayer endeavour?
*Ever!*
I'll work, I'll fight, my weapons shall not rust!
*Trust!*

# Why Pray?

WHY pray? As if each small affair
Of little man might claim the care
Of Him Who reigns in boundless state!
*If not—is He so great?*

But *can* the God Who guides the sphere
Of universal Nature, hear
As if I only were in sight?
*Is He not infinite?*

But how shall He Who ruleth all,
Who guards the great, observe the small,
How *can* He tend each single soul?
*If not—how rule the whole?*

But if my prayer He *can* thus hear,
Say—*will* He deign to bend His ear?
Give me some proof more strong than creeds!
*Thy heart within thee pleads.*

But is there proof in mere desire
For that to which my hopes aspire?
May I thus trust my nature weak?
*'Tis God in thee doth speak:*

*From God that heavenly instinct came;*
*He wrote on thee His holy name;*
*That conscious need, those yearnings strong,*
*He gave, and will not wrong.*

# The Church, the Bride of Christ.

"Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir."—Psalm xlv.

O BRIDE of Christ, how beautiful art thou!
Of myrrh and cassia thy garments smell,
From ivory-palaces where thou dost dwell.
A queenly crown adorns thy radiant brow;
Thy retinue kings' daughters vie to swell;
With cheerful gifts to thee all nations bow;
No tongue thy peerless charms can fitly tell.
But whence thy glory? Given thee from above:
Not the mock jewels which the worldly prize,
Thy gems are goodness, meekness, truth, and love:
Alas! that we should hide, by rags of earth,
The beauty that is thine by heavenly birth.
Bridegroom Divine! tear off each vile disguise,
That her true charms may win all hearts and eyes.

# The Church, One Garden.

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

THE garden of the Lord spreads far and wide ;
But not in one huge bed, unvaried, grow
The trees which He has planted ; fruits and flowers,
The lily, rose, and jasmine—fragrant bowers,
In differing borders the same beauty show.
Such varying forms true oneness cannot hide ;
They beautify the garden, not divide.
We hedge and fence our favourite bed—but lo!
Beyond the barrier, to reprove our pride,
Are flowers as sweet and fair ; the heaven-taught bees,
Seeking the honey, scorn the fence ; the breeze,
Incense from all alike to God doth blow ;
On all the beds He pours His showers divine,
On all the garden makes His sun to shine.

# The Church.

"The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion."

THE Church, the Church of Jesus,
The Zion of our King,
His earthly home and palace,
The Church of Christ we sing:
Built on the one Foundation,
Eternal, priceless, sure—
Her strength, the Rock of Ages,
She must for aye endure.

Of living stones compacted
This holy temple grows,
The Spirit's habitation,
And heaven's reflection shows.
Around, bright hosts of angels
Keep faithful watch and ward;
Her constant joy and safety,
The presence of her Lord.

How beautiful is Zion,
The joy of all the earth;
Above the hills exalted,
She sings with holy mirth:
Her walls resound salvation,
Her gates are glad with praise;
Throughout the world, her heralds
The notes of mercy raise.

Go round about this Zion,
Jerusalem of ours ;
Her palaces consider,
And count her lofty towers :
To coming generations
Her triumphs must be told,
As taught us by our fathers,
Wrought in the days of old.
The Church, etc., v. 1.

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## Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP, when born of reverence sincere,
And fed by sympathy of smile and tear,
By kindred tastes, one faith, one hope, is love
That antedates the joys of heaven above.

Though friends in pilgrim-paths may rarely meet,
And barriers stern forbid communion sweet,
Less bitterly the loss they will deplore,
If, when they meet the less, they pray the more.

True friendship, pointing to its native sky,
The bonds that check mere passion can defy ;
Love will lose nothing of its priceless store,
If they who meet the less, will pray the more.

In heaven's pure light the tree more straight doth grow ;
Merged in some mighty tide streams swifter flow ;
And friendship grows more steadfast than before,
When they who meet the less, do pray the more.

# Parted but Praying Friends.

O FRIEND divine! O Brother dear!
My prayer for friends far parted hear;
Their forms beloved I cannot see,
But I can reach them, Lord, through Thee.

I watch the face that on them shines,
I touch the arm that round them twines,
I listen to the gracious voice
That makes my absent friends rejoice.

O that, responsive to my love,
Some blessing from our Friend above
On friends below might now descend,
And thus our prayers and praises blend.

If now their face be wet with tears,
If now their heart be tossed with fears,
Thus let me wipe those tears away,
And turn wild night to tranquil day.

If ambushed archer aims his dart,
My prayer may shield th' imperilled part;
And, in the weary mountain-land,
May, to the faint, lend helping hand.

E'en so, when my own fears are quelled,
My feeble, faltering steps upheld,
My sorrows soothed with balm from heaven,
And blessings unexpected given—

When in temptation's darkest hour
I feel sustained by sudden power,
And, 'mid the tempest, hear a voice
Whisper, "Fear not, 'tis I, rejoice!"—

'Tis sweet to think my Father's care
Responds to love's effectual prayer,
And that the friend I cannot see
Moves thus the hand that helpeth me.

O for the blissful home on high,
Where friends endeared are always nigh;
Soul linked with soul in full accord,
One with each other and their Lord;

Where, freed from trammels of the earth,
In that pure region of her birth,
Friendship asserts her right divine
In God's own light undimmed to shine.

He will be seen in every face;
Felt in each holy, fond embrace;
Heard in each dear responsive voice;
Loved more, the more we so rejoice.

Thus love of God and love of friends
Will swell a song that never ends:
All praise to Friendship's Source be given,
For God is Love, and Love is Heaven.

# Nature and Friendship.

I THANK Thee, Lord, for glowing peak,
First heralding the dawn ;
I thank Thee for the daisy bright,
Whose smiles illume the lawn.

I thank Thee for the ocean vast,
With all its crested waves ;
I thank Thee for the tinkling brook,
Forget-me-not that laves.

I thank Thee for the torrent's roar,
And thunder's awful voice ;
For blackbird, thrush and nightingale,
Making the woods rejoice.

I thank Thee for an eye to see
The beauty all around,
And for a childlike heart that still
With nature's joy doth bound.

Such solace on my pilgrim-path
I prize as sent by Thee ;
But most of all I thank thee, Lord,
For human sympathy :

For loving hearts, that, pure and warm,
Beat in response with mine ;
For friendship's sacred ivy-leaves
That closely intertwine.

Hush! feeble words; glad tears must tell
My thanks for peace thus given;
Loving and loved,—this brightens all,
Blest sunbeam sent from heaven.

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## Latent Powers.

Oh what hidden powers are lying
Deep within thy dormant will!
Why not rouse them? lest, they dying,
Fade away—for ever still.

Oh what harmonies are sleeping!
Oh the songs that might be sung!
Poesy could set thee weeping,
Yet ne'er breathes through pen or tongue.

Sweep the chords! and let their thrilling
Vibrate through thy inmost soul;
Music all thy future filling,
Tuneful aids to reach the goal.

Paintings fair pourtrayed in dreaming
Of a lovely land ideal;
Faces angel-like are gleaming
On thy canvas—make them real!

Comes by sorrow the awaking?
Do not dread such sorrow's call:
Or if joy thy hand is taking,
Follow free—in sweetest thrall.

Kindnesses if ne'er o'ertaken
Pass beyond thy power to do;
Loving words of thine might waken
Noble deeds in others too.

Every talent has been given
By thy God for His employ;
They who serving Him have striven,
They alone can know true joy.

[H. M. M. H.]

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## Solace in Service.

O JESU! Who, to favoured friend
Thy mourning mother didst commend,
Mindful, amidst o'erwhelming woe,
Of her who stood and wept below—

Enable us to learn from Thee
Our own divine humanity;
Mindful of every tender claim,
Responsive to each kindred name.

Let not our sorrows selfish prove,
Closing our hearts to calls of love ;
But may we sweetest solace know
In soothing other mourners' woe.

Amid the sacrifice sublime
For every age and every clime,
This of Thy priesthood's work was part,
To soothe one lonely woman's heart :

So, when for Church or Truth we feel,
Or world-wide enterprise, most zeal—
Let us be sure we best please Thee
By tender, true humanity.

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## Plea for the Wandering.

PITY the wandering—O ! the bitter strife,
The shame, the fear, the anguish of their life.

Pray for the wandering—Jesus prays for *thee ;*
If He should weary grow, where wouldst *thou* be ?

Bear with the wandering, far as hope can go ;
Perhaps their foes were more than thou canst know.

Console the wandering—theirs is grief indeed ;
For those forsaken, be a friend in need.

Assist the wandering—thou mayst need a hand,
For thou mayst fall, who firmly now dost stand.

Be patient with the wandering—God with thee
Is patient, not from sin art *thou* quite free.

Seek out the wandering—love them, succour lend,
And thus resemble Christ, the wanderer's Friend.

Reclaim the wandering—thou hast been reclaimed,
And Jesus sought thee, found thee, cheered, though
blamed.

O save the wandering—bliss indeed 'twill be,
With souls thus won, to spend eternity.

## The Wanderer's Return.

I'VE wandered far from home,
I'm weary, sad, and sore ;
I weep, but yet I roam,
Wounded—I wander more ;
From treacherous friends shall I seek comfort ?
I will arise and to my Father go. [No !

I've squandered all my store ;
My every hope is quenched ;
Repulsed from every door,
From all my moorings wrenched,
In my extremity of sin and woe
I will arise and to my Father go.

I'll tell Him all my sin ;
I'll show Him all my pain ;
Perhaps He'll let me in
To the old home again ;
But all my guilt and misery I'll show ;
I will arise and to my Father go.

All worthless as I am,
Poor, helpless, guilty, lost ;
Through the atoning Lamb,
And by the Holy Ghost,
Because my sins and sorrows overflow,
I will arise and to my Father go.

My Father's name is Love,
His mercies aye endure ;
He calls me from above,
His word of grace is sure ;
Leaving my sin and misery below,
I will arise and to my Father go.

## Our Father Reigns for Ever.

OUR Father reigns in heaven above,
Why then in fear be weeping?
His arm of might, His heart of love
All harm from us are keeping :

He guards us from our foes,
Our secret grief He knows,
He wipes the tear we shed,
He watches by our bed
When we are sick or sleeping.

Our Father rules the earth and sky,
He lives and reigns for ever;
Our Father hears our feeblest cry,
Our Father leaves us never:
No tempest's angry breath,
Nor foe, nor grisly death,
Nor Satan fierce and fell,
Nor all the powers of hell,
Father and child shall sever.

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## Now.

CAN the farmer hope to gain
Precious crops of golden grain,
If he idly, day by day,
All the seed-time dreams away?
Rouse thee, soul! redeem the past;
Harvest time is coming fast;
Through the fallow drive the plough—
Wouldst thou reap? be sowing NOW!

Canst thou safe in port arrive
If thy ship at random drive?
Spread thy sail, fair blows the breeze,
Now the favouring moment seize!
Wouldst thou hear the word—"Well done"?
Be the labour now begun!
Wouldst thou bind around thy brow
Victory's wreath? take helmet NOW!

Time's swift tide is surging o'er
Life's contracting, sinking shore;
Be thy guilt however great,
*Now* be saved—'tis not too late.
Yet beware, lest mercy's day
Soon will all have passed away:
If thou wouldst escape, allow
Not a moment's slumber NOW.

Though repulsed so oft before,
Jesus knocketh at the door,
Bearing gifts untold, divine,
Treasures which may now be thine:
Wilt thou rudely from thee send
Such a generous, patient Friend?
Still He waiteth—wilt not thou
Welcome, worship, serve Him NOW?

# Psalm xxxiv.

I'll bless the Lord at all times,
  His praises I'll proclaim ;
In summer-calm and tempest
  His love is still the same :
In Him I'll boast and glory ;
  Let all His saints rejoice ;
Him magnify together,
  With loud and cheerful voice.

I sought the Lord—He heard me,
  And saved me from my fears :
This poor man cried—He listened,
  And wiped away his tears :
God's angel strong encampeth
  Round those who fear His Name ;
From every foe defendeth,
  And shields from hurt and shame.

O taste and see how gracious
  The Lord is to His own ;
How safe are they who shelter
  Beneath His glorious throne !
From manifold afflictions
  His chosen flock He brings,
And e'en the desert dreary
  With Hallelujah rings.

To all of broken spirit
A pitying Father's nigh ;
He saveth all the contrite,
He hears the mourner's cry :
His servants He redeemeth,
And will for ever save
From sin and condemnation,
From Satan and the grave.

Not one of all who trust Him
Shall find His promise vain ;
The feeblest of His servants
Shall reap eternal gain :
Then bless the Lord at all times,
Nor let His praises cease ;
Praise Him 'mid din of battle,
Praise Him in time of peace.

I'll bless the Lord at all times,
In darkness as in day ;
I'll sing glad Hallelujahs
All through my pilgrim-way :
Until I cross the river
I'll sing my Saviour's praise ;
And then, in heaven for ever,
An endless song I'll raise.

# Crossing the Atlantic.

CROSSING life's tempestuous ocean,
Lord! I lift my prayer to Thee;
Helpless 'mid the wild commotion,
Jesus, save and succour me:
Thou art stronger,
Stronger than the raging sea.

When the blinding fog surrounds me,
Doubling danger in the dark;
When the howling gale confounds me,
When the waves sweep o'er my bark,
Jesus, save me!
Save as in Thy chosen ark.

When nor sun nor stars are shining,
And I cannot trace my way;
When my heart for home is pining,
Hold my rudder, lest I stray:
Guide and cheer me,
Cheer with hopes of cloudless day.

Come; and then delay is fleetness;
Let me hear Thy voice—"I will;"
Speak! the storm-din then is sweetness;
Saved am I by seeming ill:
Jesus whispers;
Waves obey Him! "Peace! be still!"

See the longed-for shore appearing ;
Landed we shall shortly be ;
Wintry waves no longer fearing,
Yonder where is no more sea—
Hallelujah !
We will ever sing to Thee.

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## Onward.

DURING A WALK IN A HURRICANE NEAR LLANDUDNO.

ONWARD ! Christian pilgrim, go,
Though the wild winds rudely blow ;
Though the storm-clouds gather black,
Though the mist obscures the track,
Though the driving rain and hail
Make thy faith and courage quail,
Howsoe'er the tempests blow,
Onward, Christian pilgrim, go !

Now along the rocky shore
Angry waves tumultuous roar,
Flinging far their briny foam,
Dashing scorn on hopes of home ;
Though across the narrow way
Drives the hissing, blinding spray—
Though the billows fiercely flow,
Onward, Christian pilgrim, go !

Up where rocks on rocks are piled,
Pressing through the prickly wild,
Leaping o'er the quivering bog,
Hasting through the thickening fog,
Climbing up the dizzy steep,
Forward where the torrents leap,
Though the danger seems to grow—
Onward, Christian pilgrim, go !

Home and safety yonder see !
There they wait to welcome thee ;
Onward through the storm to calm,
Soon to win the victor's palm :
Brief the labour, long the rest ;
Scale the mansions of the blest !
Leaving tempest-clouds below,
Upward, Christian pilgrim, go !

## Christian Conflict.

To arms, to arms, ye soldiers !
The trumpet-call obey ;
Arise from dreamy slumbers
To watch, and fight, and pray :
'Tis not to bed or banquet,
Or proud parade we go ;
The fight of faith is fiercer
Than worldly warriors know.

We march not over meadows,
But craggy cliffs and steep ;
We cross not gentle rivers,
But torrents wild and deep :

We journey oft in tempest,
  We camp in deserts drear,
Where fruits and fountains fail us,
  And threatening foes are near.

Against the powers of darkness,
  With hellish craft and rage,
Our heavenly Captain calls us
  Incessant war to wage :
No parley may be trusted ;
  Not till our course is run
May we lay down our weapons,
  And say the victory's won.

But who would be deserter
  From such a noble fight ?
We're sure of deathless triumph,
  We battle for the right :
Divine the Christian's armour,
  Our comrades all the saints,
With Thee, dear Lord, for Leader,
  We'll banish base complaints.

We'll bless Thee for the battle,
  We'll glory in the strife ;
We'll shout at call of trumpet,
  We'll win eternal life :
Strong in the strength of Jesus,
  And in His Spirit brave,
Crowned through eternal ages,
  We'll sing His power to save.

# Thy Way is Best.

THY way, O Lord! Thy way—not mine;
Although opprest,
For smoother, sunnier paths I pine,
Thy way is best.

Though crossing thirsty deserts drear,
Or mountain's crest;
Although I faint with toil and fear,
Thy way is best.

Though not one open door befriend
The passing guest;
Though night its darkest terror lend,
Thy way is best.

So seeming wild without a plan,
Now east, now west,
Joys born and slain, hopes blighted, *can*
Thy way be best?

My soul by grief seems not to be
More pure and blest;
Alas! I cannot, cannot see
Thy way is best.

I cannot see—on every hand
By anguish prest,
In vain I try to *understand*
Thy way is best.

But I *believe*—Thy life and death
Thy love attest,
And every promise clearly saith—
"Thy way is best."

I cannot see—but I believe ;
If heavenly rest
Is reached by roads where most I grieve,
*Thy way is best.*

## "My Times are in Thy Hand."

My times are in Thy hand :
I know not what a day
Or fleeting hour may bring to me,
But I am safe while trusting Thee,
Should all things fade away :
All weakness I On Him rely
Who fixed the earth, and spread the starry sky.

My times are in Thy hand :
Pale poverty or wealth,
Corroding care or calm repose,
Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,
Sickness or buoyant health—
Whate'er betide, If God provide,
'Tis for the best ; I wish no lot beside.

My times are in Thy hand :
Should friendship pure illume
And strew my path with fairest flowers,
Or should I spend life's dreary hours
In solitude's dark gloom—
Thou art a Friend, Till time shall end,
Unchangeable, in Thee all beauties blend.

My times are in Thy hand :
Many or few my days,
I leave with Thee—this only pray,
That by Thy grace, I, every day
Devoting to Thy praise,
May ready be To welcome Thee,
Whene'er Thou com'st to set my spirit free.

My times are in Thy hand :
To Thee I can entrust
My slumbering clay, till Thy command
Bids all the dead before Thee stand,
Awaking from the dust :
Beholding Thee, What bliss 'twill be
With all Thy saints to spend eternity !

# "My Grace is Sufficient for Thee."

How oft in fear and woe I've cried—
"Dear Lord, deliver me!"
But still thus only He replied,
*My grace sufficeth thee.*

This thorn, which rankles in my heart,
O Lord, with pity see,
And bid it speedily depart!
*My grace sufficeth thee.*

Behold this bitter, bitter grief,
This untold agony;
O Jesu, swiftly send relief!
*My grace sufficeth thee.*

How can I meet each boisterous wave
On life's wild stormy sea?
O calm the tempest! succour! save!
*My grace sufficeth thee.*

The night is dark, the way is long,
And friends and helpers flee;
The fight is fierce, the foe is strong!
*My grace sufficeth thee.*

Enough, enough, what Jesus saith;
I'll boast infirmity!
In conflict, sorrow, darkness, death,
*Thy grace sufficeth me.*

# It is I.

SAVIOUR ! when wildest storms of care
Would sink my soul in deep despair,
O let me hear Thy voice declare—
"*'Tis I !—be not afraid !*"

"'Tis I—thy stedfast, loving Friend,
Round thee My arms of might extend,
My words with the loud thunder blend,
*'Tis I !—be not afraid !*

"I come to bid the waves be still,
Thine anxious soul with peace to fill,
And turn to good each seeming ill—
*'Tis I !—be not afraid !*

"The gale shall speed thee on the way,
The lightning lend a helpful ray,
The dark more quickly bring the day—
*'Tis I !—be not afraid !*

"Soon shall the storm be changed to calm,
The oar of toil to conqueror's palm,
The prayer of fear to rapture's psalm—
*'Tis I !—be not afraid !*

"In heaven shall roll no stormy sea ;
Thy peace shall there unbroken be ;
At home eternally with Me,
*Thou ne'er shalt be afraid !*"

# "Is it well with thee?"

SAY, Mourner! is it well with thee,
Thy store, thy self, thy family?
With garb of grief and tracks of tears,
With face where faith contends with fears,
Bending beneath thy burden—tell,
Toiling and tried one, Is it well?

The night is dark, and not a star
Sparkles faint comfort from afar;
I cannot trace the path I tread—
I see not whither I am led—
*How* it may be, I cannot tell,
But *this* I know, that *All is well!*

The flames are kindling; seven times more
The furnace rages than before;
But midst the flames my Lord I see;
He keeps them back from scorching me;
*How* fire consumes not, who can tell?
But this I know—that *All is well!*

Down in the lion's hungry den,
Beyond all help or hope from men,
Unharmed I wait the dawn of day,
All night the angels with me stay:
How wrath is harmless, who can tell?
But this I know—that *All is well!*

Of gladness griefs are but the seeds ;
Trials are sent to root out weeds ;
As showers that fertilize are tears ;
Prompters to prayer are painful fears ;
E'en 'mid love's ruin blessings dwell ;
A bleeding heart says—*All is well !*

All things are ordered from above,
My Father is unchanging Love,
I have a Friend Who weeps with me,
He whispers of a home to be,
And trusting in His word, I'll tell,
'Mid storm and darkness—*All is well !*

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## "Thy Lovingkindness in the Morning."

'Tis sweet, when morn begins to break,
By morn's own music to awake ;
Hearing the sigh of trembling trees
That whisper to the whispering breeze ;
The matin-song of lark that soars
And at heaven's gate its rapture pours ;
The blackbird's mellow, tender note,
Response from many a tiny throat,

Till the full chorus of the grove
Bursts forth to praise the God of love:
But sweeter far at morn to hear
Thy lovingkindness, soft and clear.

When sleep's brief death departs with dawn,
And night's dark curtain is withdrawn,
How doth each faithful heart rejoice
To hear a friend's saluting voice;
How blest in proof of love and life,
Greeting of husband and of wife;
How musical to parents' ear
The treble tones of children dear;
How sweet the mother's love exprest
To babe that nestles in her breast;
But sweeter far at morn to hear
Thy lovingkindness, soft and clear.

Cause me, each morning, then to hear
Thy lovingkindness, Father dear!
Though oft forgetful, wayward, wild,
Assure me I am still Thy child;
Tell me my sins are all forgiven;
Bid me anew press on for heaven;
O let Thy love my will control;
Counsel, instruct, direct, console;
Say—soon as dawn salutes the sight—
"I am Thy everlasting light";
Thus every morning let me hear
Thy lovingkindness, soft and clear.

# Sunday Morning.

SACRED Sabbath! holy rest,
With the smile of heaven imprest,
Joyful Sunday—radiant shine,
Gladden us with light divine:

Poor man's charter from above,
Sign to all that God is love;
God, Who labour did ordain,
Bids the weary rest again:

Day when severed households meet,
Gathering round the Mercy-seat;
Day of calm retreat from care,
Day of cheerful praise and prayer:

Day of the Creator's rest,
When His finished work He blest;
Day on which the Saviour rose,
Victor over all His foes.

O may we, in God, our home,
Peaceful rest and never roam;
O that we with Christ may rise,
Till we join Him in the skies.

Fit us, Day of holy rest,
For the Sabbath of the blest;
Be the Sun of all the seven,
Foretaste, harbinger of heaven.

# Daily Bread.

FATHER, throned in heaven above,
Might and Mercy, Light and Love!
Give to us, as Jesus said,
Day by day our daily bread.

Satisfy our daily need,
Soul and body daily feed,
Daily hear us when we pray,
Succour, save us, day by day.

Give us daily faith, to ask
Needful aid for daily task;
Daily guidance in our way,
Faithful warning lest we stray;

Sympathy for daily grief,
Tender solace and relief,
Daily patience, meekness, zeal,
Others' griefs each day to feel;

Daily help for daily cross,
Solid gain in seeming loss,
Daily strength for daily strife,
Daily grace till close of life.

## "I will lay me down in peace."

WHEN night has quenched the sun's last ray,
And boding shadows round me creep,
Secure, as in the blaze of day,
"I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep."

When rudest waves my bark assail,
And round me yawns the stormiest deep,
Amid the roaring of the gale
"I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep."

Compassed by fiercest powers of hell,
From harm Thou canst Thy children keep;
Thou makest me in safety dwell;
"I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep."

And when my day of life is o'er,
And friends endeared around me weep,
To wake with Thee, on Canaan's shore,
"I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep."

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## "Perfect Love casteth out Fear."

O FOR the love, the perfect love,
The love that casts out fear;
That sings amid the wildest storm,
And smiles through every tear.

O for the perfect love that leans
On Love's almighty arm ;
The trust no earthquake can disturb,
Nor death nor hell alarm :

The love that drains the bitterest cup,
And clasps the heaviest cross ;
Deeming such grief is lasting gain,
And earth's best gold but dross :

The love that trusts each promise given,
That each command approves ;
And in each path prescribed by heaven,
With glad obedience moves :

The love that serves with quenchless zeal,
That sits at Jesus' feet,
That leans upon His loving breast
When heart to heart doth beat.

O for the love, the perfect love
That "Abba, Father" cries ;
Its constant joy, His holy will ;
Its hope and home, the skies.

O God of love ! kind Comforter,
O loving Jesus, hear!
This perfect love to me impart,
This love that casts out fear.

## The True Vine.

UNFAILING, plenteous Fount of Grace,
Blest Source of life divine;
Ever may I abide in Thee
The true, the heavenly Vine.

Without the trunk which yields the sap
The branches droop and die;
Without the branch, the strongest vines
No leaves nor fruit supply.

Lord! wilt thou use me as a branch
Thy life and love to show?
Then evermore in me abide,
That I by Thee may grow.

Thus may the branch, without Thee dead,
Be filled with fruitful joy;
And all its powers, derived from Thee,
In Thy dear praise employ.

## Christmas Clouds and Sunshine.

THE sunshine gleams on many a home of woe,
Seeming to mock the sick, the lone, the sad;
And Christmas maketh many a tear to flow
The more its merry bells ring out—*Be glad!*
Yet stay those tears; the Christ we laud to-day
Has come to share our grief and sympathise;
To bear our sins and gloomy fears away,
And wipe all tears for ever from our eyes.

# Universal Praise.

PRAISE the Lord, ye realms of nature !
To your King glad homage pay ;
Sound His glory, every creature,
Day proclaim it unto day ;
Sun, that speaks His fadeless splendour,
Moon, that mildly rules the night,
Circling planets, praises render,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light !

Let the earth bend low before Him
Round its axle as it rolls ;
Isles and continents, adore Him,
Blazing zone, and icy poles ;
Alpine peaks, reflect His glory,
Burn, volcanoes, in His praise ;
Hill to valley shout the story,
Every land an altar raise.

Torrents foaming from the mountains,
Rivers winding through the plain,
Murmuring streams and bubbling fountains,
Hissing hail and fruitful rain :
Praise Him ! rolling waves of ocean,
Crested billows, slumbering blue ;
Blend, ye waters, in devotion,
Morning mists and diamond dew.

Let the months, in long procession,
Each its proper tribute pay ;
Let the seasons, in succession,
On His altar offerings lay ;
Incense fit from each ascending,
Summer, led by tuneful spring,
Gifted autumn, grateful bending,
Winter wild, His praises sing.

Praise Him forests, dark, primeval,
Spreading oak and pillared pine,
With the ancient world coeval ;
Praise Him, corn and clustered vine :
Roses, praise Him ! fragrant bowers,
Jessamine and lilies twine ;
All ye field and garden-flowers,
Him to praise your charms combine.

All your varied voices blending,
Pealing thunder, whispering breeze,
Plaintive notes from flocks ascending,
Murmur of the trembling trees ;
Raise the psalm of adoration,
Sounding sea, and tinkling rill ;
Swell the chorus of Creation,
Tuneful grove, and echoing hill.

Bees amidst the blossoms humming,
Linnets carolling the spring,
Cuckoos shout of summer coming,
Larks high soaring as ye sing;
Nightingales with pensive rapture,
Blackbird, thrush, and cooing dove.
Wingéd choristers of nature,
Sing your Maker's psalm of love.

Ponderous whale and tiny minnow,
Huge behemoth, gay gazelle,
All that dive beneath the billow,
All that in the forest dwell;
Insects in the sunshine dancing
Merry in their mystic maze,
Flocks reposing, horses prancing,
Join in nature's hymn of praise.

Praise Jehovah, all creation!
Praise Him, ye above the sky!
Praise Him, every tribe and nation!
Praise Him, heaven! let earth reply!
All ye seraph-choirs adore Him!
Saints triumphant robed in white,
Ransomed sinners, bend before Him;
All in praise to God unite!

# A National Hymn.

GOD bless our dear old England!
With cliffs so bold and white,
Round which the angry billows
So vainly roar and fight:
God bless our sons and daughters,
And make them pure and brave;
By righteousness, the nation,
O righteous Father! save.

God bless our beauteous England,
This cultured garden fair;
With orchard, meadow, cornfield,
Lovely beyond compare:
Adorn her with the beauties
Of holiness and grace,
*These* fruits and flowers reflecting,
O Lord! Thy smiling face.

God bless our grand old England,
With proud historic name;
And may she yet outrival
Her thousand years of fame:
But chiefly—make her steadfast
In godliness and truth,
Wisdom of age uniting
With all the zeal of youth.

God bless the wealth of England,
Her industry and trade ;
And ne'er by vile ambition
May she her power degrade :
First in the roll of nations
Let her by justice be ;
Rich in good works, and pleasing.
O God of Peace, to Thee.

God bless our home of freedom,
Her oldest, dearest shrine ;
Sacred by blood of martyrs
Guarding the "Right Divine :"
Still may the flag of England
O'er freemen only wave ;
But chief, from sin's dominion
Thy chartered people save.

God bless our land of churches,
Where spire and tower are seen
Thick foresting the cities,
And gladdening the green :
Make all their pastors faithful,
Bless every house of prayer ;
When Christians meet for worship
Be with them everywhere.

God bless the Queen of England,
Our noble and our great;
Our senators and judges,
And those who guide the State:
Breathe over all their counsels
Wisdom and patriot-health,
Thy faith and fear directing
Our regal Commonwealth.

God bless our English people;
Brave, loyal, trusty folk;
Free from all chain of bondage,
Scorning each sinful yoke,
May rich and poor together
Labour and love as one,
A happy, royal priesthood,
And so Thy will be done.

Old England! Heaven defend her;
God bless our native land;
Beside her in all danger
Do Thou her Guardian stand:
God bless our dear old England!
And may she ever be
Exalted 'mid the nations,
By faith, O Lord, in Thee.

# Serve the Lord with Gladness.

SERVE the Lord with gladness !
Joyful tribute bring ;
Banish fear and sadness,
Grateful praises sing.
Serve the Lord with gladness !
Cheerful anthems raise ;
All His wide dominion,
Swell the psalm of praise.

Serve the Lord with gladness !
Banish servile fear ;
Trust your tender Father,
We to Him are dear.
All our sins He pardons,
All our frailty knows ;
Helps in all our conflicts,
Soothes in all our woes.

Serve the Lord with gladness !
Serve, and thus be free ;
Unreserved surrender,
Noblest liberty !
All His laws are blessings,
Each command a boon ;
Sorrows work our welfare,
Bringing glory soon.

# "Follow thou Me."

JESUS! Our Leader, Pattern, Guide,
Ne'er let me wander from Thy side,
Nor from the narrow pathway slide,
But closely follow Thee.

By meekness, patience, kindness, prayer—
By works of love and friendly care—
By holy conduct everywhere—
Help me to follow Thee.

When fears and foes beset the way,
When darkest clouds obscure the day,
And easier paths tempt me to stray,
Help me to follow Thee.

At every hour, in every place,
Amidst all dangers, give me grace,
With patient, plodding, onward pace,
Closely to follow Thee.

Courageously in spite of foes,
With cheerfulness whate'er oppose,
Unto the journey's final close,
Help me to follow Thee.

Then along Heaven's own pathway bright,
No more with foes and fears to fight,
With victory crowned, and robed in white,
I'll ever follow Thee.

# The Sinner's Friend.

FRIEND of sinners, Lord of glory !
Lowly, Mighty !—Brother, King !
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Grateful we Thy praises sing :
Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
In Whom power and pity blend—
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ the sinner's Friend.

Friend Who never fails nor grieves us ;
Faithful, tender, constant, kind !—
Friend Who at all times receives us,
Friend Who came the lost to find :
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end,
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still, in Heaven, the sinner's Friend.

O to love and serve Thee better !
From all evil set us free ;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter ;
Be each thought conformed to Thee :
Looking for Thy bright appearing
May our spirits upward tend,
Till, no longer doubting, fearing,
We behold the sinner's Friend.

# The Cross.

GOD forbid that I should glory
Save in Jesus and His cross ;
Publishing the wondrous story,
Counting all things else but dross.

Here I worship God descending,
Sharing our most low estate ;
Righteousness with mercy blending,
Man to raise and re-create.

God in Christ is reconciling
To Himself a sinful world ;
Justice on forgiveness smiling,
Love's bright banner is unfurled.

Here I read—"No condemnation,"
Sentence cancelled, pardon free ;
Here rejoice in full salvation,
Jesus loved, and died for me.

Human praise and fancied merit,
Forms and notions are but loss ;
All that my own works inherit
Vanish from before the cross.

Here I find best cure of sadness,
Strength to labour or to wait ;
Midst affliction, peace and gladness,
Thankful in whate'er estate.

Wounded, find I balm for healing ;
Fainting—courage for the fight ;
Jesus, heart of God revealing,
Changes weakness into might.

Here I know my guilt forgiven,
Learn to hate and conquer sin ;
Foretaste of the joys of heaven,
Christ enthroned my heart within.

Cross of Christ unseals life's fountain,
Drives the darkness, brings the day ;
Spans the chasm, moves the mountain
Which would else obstruct the way.

God forbid that I should glory,
Save in Jesus and His cross ;
Publishing the wondrous story,
Counting all things else but dross.

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## Coronation Hymn.

To Thee, O Christ, we sing,
And laud and bless Thy name ;
We crown Thee—Jesus, Saviour, King ;
We glory in Thy fame :
For Thou art Lord of all,
The worlds by Thee were made,
Adoring Thee, heaven's angels fall,
In robes of white arrayed.

Crown, crown Him! Son of God;
Crown, crown Him! Son of Man;
We'll blaze His boundless love abroad,
Redemption's wondrous plan:
Our hearts, our lives we bring,
And joyful tribute pay;
With many crowns we'll crown our King,
Through heaven's eternal day.

Crown Him! our Prophet true;
Crown Him! our Kingly Priest;
Crown Him! our Champion-Monarch, who
From sin our souls released:
That anguish-furrowed brow,
Which thorns of mockery tore,
Is crowned with deathless triumph now,
And joys for evermore.

The Church, He ransomed, sings
His victory o'er the grave;
O crown Him! crown Him! King of kings
Who lives and reigns to save:
Crown Him! Creator, Friend;
Sound His dear name again!
Crown Him! through ages without end,
Emmanuel! God with men.

# Second Advent.

COME, Lord, to earth again ;
Come quickly, come and reign :
  Lord Jesu, come !
Enthrone the struggling right,
Make clear the clouded light,
In victory close the fight :
  Lord, quickly come !

The love of some grows cold ;
Thy foes are waxing bold :
  Lord Jesu, come !
They mock our hope delayed,
Our little progress made,
Thy precepts disobeyed :
  Lord, quickly come !

Bid war and faction cease,
Bring in the reign of peace :
  Lord Jesu, come !
Set every captive free ;
Let all men brothers be ;
Heal earth's long malady :
  Lord, quickly come !

Assert Thy right Divine ;
O'er all the nations shine ;
  Lord Jesu, come !
Then earth like heaven shall sing
With Hallelujahs ring,
And hail her rightful King :
  Lord, quickly come !

# "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

WHY, Lord, O why so long dost Thou delay
Thy promised coming? why so long postpone
The glorious triumph by Thy prophets shown,
And by the Church expected? Lord, we pray
That now, e'en now, may dawn Millennium's day:
Pity Creation's long-continued groan,
Answer the prayers that crowd around Thy throne,
Nor let Thy chariot-wheels their advent stay.
O come to curb the serpent's cruel rage,
And sin, our deadly foe, in fetters bind;
Wipe every tear away, all grief assuage,
Reveal Thy truth and love to all mankind;
Let warfare, pride, oppression, envy cease;
And fill distracted earth with heavenly peace.

# Boldness in the Day of Judgment.

"We may have confidence in the day of judgment, because as He is so are we in this world."

As He our judge is so are we on earth :
He shares our nature, we His heavenly birth ;
We live in fellowship with Him alway ;
We bear His likeness, praise Him, trust Him, pray ;
He bears our guilt, His virtue is our worth ;
His cause, His friends are ours ; we Him obey,
Together work, His favour makes our day ;
His love, His yoke, His service, our true mirth.
Bound up in brotherhood and interest thus,—
Our Lord and Saviour, true unchanging Friend,
We one with Him as He is one with us,—
Such union formed by Him can never end.
Why should we fear, with Him upon the throne
Whom now on earth we bless as all our own?

# "The brightness of His glory."

O JESUS ! we adore Thee,
Of all things Lord and Heir ;
The ages bow before Thee,
Space boundless owns Thee there :
The worlds sprang into being,
And by Thy will exist ;
Almighty and All-seeing,
In Thee all things consist.

The stedfast laws of Nature
Are Thine unchanging word ;
First-born of every creature,
Vicegerent of the Lord :
His glory's lasting brightness,
Effulgence of His grace,
His very Being's impress,
Image and beaming face.

Yet Thou, for our salvation,
Didst human nature take ;
And, dying, work redemption,
Slain for the sinner's sake.
Now we adore Thee, seated
At God's right hand above ;
We laud Thy work completed,
Enthroned, triumphant Love !

## The Communion of Saints.

How sweet the fellowship of Christian love,
Communion of saints, afar and near!
With those on earth, with those in heaven above,
There is a cord that binds us, close and dear.

We feel them with us! Saints of every land
And every age, we in your love rejoice;
And ye, who round the throne of glory stand,—
Ours is one faith and joy, one heart and voice.

With angels and archangels, Lord, to Thee,
From us on earth all glory now be given;
With friends endeared, whom we no longer see,
And all the glorious Company of heaven.

Beloved ones, passed a little on before,
Ye still are near us! let our anthems blend:
To Him in Whom we're one for evermore,
Be honour, praise, and glory, without end.

---

## Hallelujah Chorus.

King of kings, and Lord of lords!
What delight the sound affords;
Jesus shall for ever reign,
Final victory He shall gain.

Lord of lords, and King of kings !
Earth with loud hosanna rings ;
None shall of His rule complain
When the Saviour comes to reign.

King of kings, and Lord of lords !
Broken are oppression's cords ;
Hell is conquered, swell the strain,
Jesus doth for ever reign.

Lord of lords, and King of kings !
Order, riches, rest, He brings ;
Warfare, hatred, fear shall cease,
Vanquished by the Prince of Peace.

King of kings, and Lord of lords !
Earth and heaven repeat the words ;
Truth and love will He restore,
He shall reign for evermore.

Lord of lords, and King of kings !
Loud and long the anthem rings ;
Hallelujah ! shout again !
Jesus shall for ever reign.

---

## Doxology.

"Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory."

THE Kingdom, Lord, is Thine,
The right o'er all to reign ;
None can assail Thy throne Divine,
Nor of Thy laws complain.

The Power, O Lord, is Thine,
To vindicate the right;
Thy love with strength doth intertwine,
Mercy allied with Might.

The Glory, Lord, is Thine,
All praise to Thee be given;
Through all Thy works Thy wonders shine,
In earth and highest heaven.

For evermore the praise,
The kingdom, power, belong
To Thee, throughout eternal days,
Creation's endless song.

Amen! the chorus rings
From earth to heaven again;
The universe adoring sings,
One blended glad Amen!

---

HALLELUJAH! joyful raise
Heart and voice our God to praise!
Praise the Father! Praise the Son!
Praise the Spirit! Three in One!
One in wisdom and in grace,
One to save our sinful race:
Triune God! to Thee be given
Praise on Earth, and praise in Heaven! AMEN!

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Turning to the sun alway,
Feasting in his warmth and light,
This is the daisy's dear delight.

When he rises in the East,
On his smiles the daisies feast;
When he climbs the noontide skies,
They rejoice with upward eyes.

When he stoopeth to the West,
They bend lowly to be blest;
When he sinketh out of sight,
Closing eyelids say, "good night."

Like the daisy, may I be
Always turning, Lord, to thee;
When from sleep I daily rise,
Seeking thee with opening eyes.

In the noontide of my life.
With delight and trials rife,
Let me open all my heart,
Let thy radiance ne'er depart.

Beauty, fragrance, life divine,
Dwell wherever thou dost shine;
Make me thus thy daisy flower,
Bright and beauteous every hour.

When my day of life is done,
Glowing in the setting sun,
Still in hope, I'll gaze on thee!
Beam, O Saviour, beam on me!

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